A CANDID

APPEAL

TO THE

PUBLIC,

On the SUBJECT of a late

EPISTLE,

BY

Gorges Edmond Howard, Esq;

——Absentem qui rodit Amicum
Qui non defendit alio culpante; solutos
Qui captat risus hominum, famamque dicacis;
Fingere qui non visa potest; commissa tacere
Qui nequit; hic niger est: hunc tu Romane caveto.
Hor. Lib. I. Sat. 4.

DUBLIN:

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BRITISH
MUSEUM

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AS, I ſuppoſe, there never was a more bitter, malevolent ſatire publiſhed, than that with which the taſte of the town ſeems to be ſo taken at preſent; I therefore think I ought, in juſtice to my own character, and that of my friends, (with which I am more offended) to ſay ſomething on this ſubject.——Whoever is the author, or authors,— of which I have a ſtrong ſuſpicion; although it may not amount to a legal proof in a court of judicature, — yet, certainly, there is no ſatisfactory apology to be made by them, for repreſenting me and my friends in a baſe, falſe, ridiculous light, and ſetting a mark on me and my houſe to poſterity. As to that paultry animal Faulkner, he is below my notice in many reſpects: But

that a man, who has always ſupported government, both by his writings and actions, ſhould be abuſed in a paper, which is ſupported at a conſiderable expence by government, by inſerting the proclamations therein, ſeems very ſurpriſing to all thoſe, who have not loſt all ſenſe of humanity by that more than canine rage for calumny and ſatire.——Buffonery I deteſt, and I have always carefully ſhunned all tendency thereunto in every part of my writings. Irony is a certain ſpecies of compoſition, which may either give offence, or be taken for a compliment. In this light I certainly underſtood the Epiſtle to me, when it firſt appeared in the Mercury; but, when I returned to town, and viſited Doctor Burrows, on purpoſe to give him every conſolation in my power for the cruel treatment he had moſt undeſervedly received, I thereupon began to talk to him on that point. The Doctor, indeed, rather peeviſhly interrupted me, by plainly letting me know, he thought I was more pointed at, and was made the butt of the author's malice in a moſt concealed and treacherous manner. Greatly ſurpriſed at the Doctor's inuendo, I conſulted others, who all agreed, that it was maliciouſly aimed at my character: Indeed, I have now no reaſon to

doubt

doubt it; for I am thoroughly perſuaded that my Addreſs to my Fellow-citizens, on the preſent vacancy occaſioned by the late Doctor Lucas, was received with coldneſs on that very account. Indeed, there ſeems to be a conſpiracy too fatally executed againſt my peace: Or, how could it have been known, that I was the author of the Letter from Killarney, with my ſignature of Publicola? which was of the utmoſt pr . dice to me; as it ſhewed how much I was attached to his excellency Lord Townſhend, a reſident viceroy, than whom I believe a better man lives not; however this may be taken by *fanatics*, and *true-blues*, whom I have always oppoſed at the hazard of my life and fortune.

That letter I ſent up to Hoey, however, I read it to ſome gentlemen who were in company with us at Killarney, and, by their approbation, I ſent it to be inſerted in the public paper. O, what a heart muſt he have, who can be delighted with making his fellow-creatures miſerable! To render a whole family wretched, and to ſeaſon their meals with their tears, muſt ſurely be a barbarous diſpoſition; and that man muſt be marked as a peſt to ſociety.

I need not animadvert upon what is ſaid of every one *almoſt* who uſed to

frequent my table. Doctor Burrows's genius and learning, as a divine, are too well known for me to dwell thereon; I ſhall only obſerve no gentleman of abilities will be deſirous of engaging on the ſide of government, if this is to be their reward. The Earl of Hertford, who had, acknowledgedly, a fine taſte, thought Doctor Burrows as good an Epigrammatiſt as the famous Doctor Evelyn; and Doctor Wilſon can teſtify his knowledge in his profeſſion, he having now a manuſcript of Doctor Burrows's in his hands, with as learned and profound a diſſertation on the Revelations as ever was penned: however, this may be profanely and ſcoffingly ſneered at by the buffooniſh author or authors.

I need not ſay much of Doctor Clarke, as every body knows his character to be villainouſly traduced: But he treats it with that contempt and unfeelingneſs, with which true philoſophy is always accompanied. Doctor Wilſon, I ſhall ſay little of; as he formerly took moſt unwarrantable exceptions to me, for acting for my client againſt him, merely in conformity to my profeſſion, in a caſe where Moſſop the player was concerned.

Sir James Caldwell is moſt virulently abuſed; although no man has ſhewed himſelf

himſelf more firmly attached to government, than he has been on all occaſions: Laſt Winter, more eſpecially, he having printed at his own expence above a thouſand pamphlets on various ſubjects, all conducing to the good of the kingdom. His ſchemes for employing the blind, and apprenticing young children to agriculture, was ſurely deſerving of applauſe; and his other political pieces were all contrived to ſerve the purpoſes of adminiſtration, and oppoſe the violence of thoſe factions, which have rendered this kingdom a ſcene of confuſion, from which a wiſe man would wiſh to eſcape. For my own part, however unwilling I may be to encreaſe the number of abſentees, as long as I keep my places, I am reſolved to leave the kingdom for ever, as ſoon as I can obtain leave to ſell theſe employments, which I have dearly purchaſed by thirty years' ſlaviſh attendance; nor do I think I can be refuſed in ſo reaſonable a requeſt: As to getting into parliament, I am quite indifferent in that matter; nor do I think it is prudent for any man, who has a family to provide for, to purchaſe on ſuch precarious and diſadvantageous terms.——And now, let me aſk with what am I reproached?—— With having entertained myſelf ſome-

times with writing verſes, or dramatic performances, whereby not alone the author, but this country, has derived honour; which I could prove by many letters from Mr. Macklin, Mr. Sheridan, and even Mr Garrick, although there was ſo outrageous a party raiſed to prevent my play being acted for the benefit of Mr. Wilder, whereby I was diſappointed, and this only occaſioned, by my exerting myſelf with uncommon pains, to prevent the motion being carried for Mr. Wilkes's receiving the freedom of the corporation of the guild of merchants, in a gold-box, which would have otherwiſe moſt certainly have been carried, to the loſs and diſgrace of this metropolis. The public teſtimonies I have received, from the wiſe and judicious, may in ſome manner compenſate for the cruel injuſtice, I have ſo recently experienced, not to mention the freedom beſtowed on me, by the guild of merchants, without fee or reward, which is now to be ſeen in my office, in the Cuſtom-houſe; I alſo appeal to the commiſſioners of the revenue, who would not have ordered me an extraordinary allowance of 20*l.* *per annum*, if they were not ſatisfied of my care and diligence, in the diſcharge of every duty, wherein I was entruſted; I likewiſe received a piece of plate, from

the

the popiſh inhabitants of this city, for my pamphlet on the penal laws againſt popery, than which a better tract was never written on any occaſion: now albeit, ſatire may for a time pervert people's minds, yet when that ſcandal is removed, the reputation and merit, ſo juſtly acquired, will again obtain its former and primitive luſtre; for altho' Dryden was ſo inhumanly ſatirized by the duke of Buckingham, in the Rehearſal; yet the poets reputation is not at preſent diminiſhed thereby. The ſeverity with which that ſpit-fire toad, Faulkner, is treated, is agreeable to every body; in the notes which are inimitable, and far better than Scriblerus's; wherein he is repreſented ſo much to the life, and his likeneſs ſo taken off, that he ſhould never pen another paragraph, nor that brute his nephew, Tod, neither; but his vanity, is not to be got the better of.

It muſt ſtill furniſh the greateſt comfort to my friends, to ſee that my moral character is never impeached in the ſlighteſt degree; and if I ſhould ſubjoin the many reſpectable perſons who have honoured me with their applauſe and approbation, it muſt ſatisfy the impartial, that the late attack on me, rather proceeded from envy " which is a tax,

which

which Socrates ſays, every man muſt pay the public for being eminent, than any thing elſe.' I have the pleaſure to ſee my book conſidered every day, as the guidance of the courts, in all the law proceedings in the court of Exchequer; and the compliments I have already received thereon, both from Mr. Malone late chancellor thereof, and the prime ſerjeant, or in ſhort every judge or counſellor of eminence in his profeſſion, might ſatisfy any perſon, the moſt deſirous of fame and applauſe; a paſſion which has always actuated the nobleſt perſons of antiquity.—However, I cannot omit mentioning a thing, which will convince the whole world, of the malevolence of my enemies: In the publiſhing ſeveral of my poetical eſſays, they have omitted to publiſh the beſt, which is, my verſes to Letty Gore; although ſhe be mentioned in the poem, which was wrote when I was young, and poſſeſſed that poetical fire and taſte, which can alone make a perſon ſucceed in this way, and that in the opinion of Doctor Duncan, who much approved thereof.

I think it here neceſſary to ſay, I might publiſh letters, from Doctor King of Oxford, Dr. Leland, and Doctor Wilſon,

ſon, Fellows of the College of Dublin; which would ſhew what opinion they entertained of me—The public papers have often been filled with my panegyric, and I have received the higheſt commendation from that very paper wherein I am now ſo outrageouſly traduced, I hope I ſhall be pardoned with mentioning a few at preſent, as the preſent occaſion ſeems to demand it.

The following complimentary epigram, was addreſſed to me.

To G. E. HOWARD, Eſq;

Great Shakeſpeare of old, did every taſte hit,
Excell'd in ſublime, was unrivall'd in wit:
A parallel genius, in law, has long ſhone,
And wrote an ALMEYDA, which Shakeſpeare might own.

Soon after which, this attack was made on me, in that reptile Faulkner's paper.

To poets of genius, 'twas always a curſe,
To find that their wit only lightned their purſe;

But

But Howard is happy in his ſcribbling itch,
For as he writes nonſenſe, he therefore is rich!
Then Gorgy write on—ſtill laugh in your ſleeve,
Your printers alone, will have reaſon to grieve.——

Upon the appearing of which, I was immediately complimented and defended in a manner, that would do honour to any poet, antient or modern; and the ſame reply may now ſerve to the author of the epiſtle, for which reaſon, I now inſert it.

To G. E. Howard, Eſq;

1.

When Pope and Swift illuſtrious ſhone,
All Grub-ſtreet was in arms,
Thus Howard's genius ſo well known
Each heavy dunce alarms.

2

Your wit has often ſet them mad,
They can't its ſting endure:
Your riches too have made them ſad,
Becauſe the rogues are poor.

3. Your

3

Your praiſe extorted from ſuch foes,
Shall well your fame expreſs:
Let fools and beggars envy thoſe,
Whom ſenſe and riches bleſs.——

I hope the public will indulge me with inſerting another copy of verſes to counterbalance that obloquy, with which I am now loaded.

1

Apollo, and the tuneful nine,
Did on Parnaſſus ſit,
A Heav'n-born genius to refine,
For buſineſs and for wit.

2

On Pallas firſt they called for aid,
To lend her attic fire;
And inſtantly the blue-ey'd Maid,
Did Howard's breaſt inſpire.

3

With knowledge in his country's cauſe,
To ſtem corruption's flood;
A Solon to reform our laws,
A patriot firm and good.

4

Hence when exchequer pleas were hid,
He drag'd them into light,
The wrangling, babbling bar he chid,
And prov'd the law was right.

5. Illuſtrious

5

Illuſtrious bard of Norfolk line,
Still tune thy matchleſs lays;
Exalt our king, in odes ſublime,
Or chaunt in beauty's praiſe.

6

You ſhew Anacreon's eaſy vein,
You ſoar on Pindar's wing;
Almeyda too adorns the ſcene,
Whilſt you like Shakeſpear ſing.

7

In various arts you ſhine too bright,
Dull bards, your fame decry;
This ſtrange effulgent beams of light,
Offend the weakly eye.

This is the laſt letter I ſhall addreſs to the public, on this or any other occaſion; and as my country has treated me ſo cruelly and ungratefully, I ſhall go into a voluntary exile, and in this imitate the example of the great Tully, who alſo met with ingratitude, where he expected a different treatment.—As I am now cut off from that ſociety in which my ſoul delighted; for how can I expect that gentlemen will venture to come to my table, if they are to be ſo treated! even ſo then as lord Strafford ſays, ‘ will I reſign myſelf to my lot, and pray with that evangelical ſpirit of meekneſs, which becomes a chriſtian,

tian, that my enemies may never meet from others that treatment, I have felt from them.' I cannot help however, mentioning an egregious inſtance of that blockhead Faulkner's folly; for when I praiſed the notes at the mayor's entertainment, and ſaid they were better than theſe in the Dunciad, he, inſtead of denying himſelf to be author thereof, which I heard he hitherto had done, he replied, and aſked me why I need aſk, ſuch *ſupernumerary*, and impertinent queſtions, as I might ſee his name in the title page. I ſhould likewiſe obſerve on the malice of my enemies, who, not content with my poetry as it ſtood, have interpolated, and added words therein, to make it appear more ridiculous, for in the firſt impreſſions, as printed at firſt on Miſs Monroe, it was,

Tinge them (*i. e.* her eyes) with brilliant Jet,
Let them in milk be ſweetly ſet.

I ſoon after altered it to

Tinge them with dye of azure blue,
Such as in vernal ſky you view.

For which alteration I appeal to the Mercury, wherein they were printed the

ſecond

cond time. I hope the reader will excuſe me for this ſhort criticiſm, with which I ſhall conclude, hoping this may reſtore me, in the eyes of the public, to that confidence, credit and friendſhip, which, among many other misfortunes, I have loſt.

Dublin, Nov. 15th. 1771.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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